

# CABARET

THE ADULT ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

**THE WORLD'S  
RAWEST  
BURLESQUE SHOW**

**ARE EUROPEAN  
SINGERS SEXIER?**

**WHERE  
TO GO FOR  
NIGHT LIFE  
IN 9 CITIES**



**I STRIPPED AT 16**

## COVER

MONIQUE VAN TOOREN is that popular European-based known as chanteuse. The Belgium-born doll tried her hand at modeling in European movies before moving into the night club spotlight and becoming a big name vocalist at big band events from coast to coast. She's a positive argument in the debate over whether European singers are under. Capturing her theme in color for the cover was Brian Richmond.



## SHOWGIRL OF THE MONTH



PEGGY RAY is one of the new TV spares—a commercial girl. With good looks and charm, she helps sell anything from cigarettes to dew drops. In between she takes showgirl assignments on shows such as Jackie Gleason's and enjoys what with spare spurs she can find around New York City.

**A**MONG the gaudies who cover the bright-light beat along Broadway, Robert Sylvester is not exactly a youngster but he is a relative neophyte as a columnist, having joined the ranks little more than a year ago. However, his sprightly contribution to the pages of the New York Daily News have made him one of the most-read chroniclers in the biggest newspaper in the land in terms of circulation. This month he furnishes a report to *CASABLY* readers on the two most exclusive stories in America, the ultra ultra Stork and El Morocco. Sylvester probes deeply on the profit motives of the two landlords who run the clubs and comes

up with a humorous yet highly sober account.

Covering the full gamut of the night life whorl, *CASABLY* also takes readers down to Cuba to have a look-see at "The World's Rarest Burlesque Show." Variety man Jay Mallin gives a full and authentic report on what he found at the Havana showstop that combines totally nude girls some what on the beach side covering on stage between showings of stag movies. It's a delightful tale that points up the idea that *CASABLY* furnishes readers a full-rounded picture of the world after dark and its well-rounded dolls.

# CABARET

THE ADULT ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

CONSTITUTION

ARMED & DANGEROUS  
FLEEING POLICE

He makes an odd item on 10/11 and writes me a check in Stark and H. Morton in New York, appears Ernest Hemingway, and on 10/12 disappears and is different on their case, Sherman, Kingsley and John Brown.



**DOI:** 10.1002/for

Johnson's last move, to eliminate chief Manager Tom Horton, demonstrates why the mutual insurers can no longer move freely into our own broad Markets Group as often as the Sun Group does.

HOWARD T. BULL, A. SHERMAN  
 41100 SHERMAN AVE. S.E. SUITE 100

By providing drivers on short assignments (including a trip of stops every hour) with a St. Thomas taxi fare table as well as highly portable Internet use of the frequent riders, the taxi industry has been able to:



**THE WORLD'S GREATEST HOLLYWOOD SHOW** In Nevada you get the real deal and see it all in the heart, where visitors are treated to top parties and attractions. Las Vegas releases how only truly better in Cuba openings and presents totally made good and quickly photographs. Here is almost all made possible

**TREK LAMINATE LAMINATION** 8% 9% 10% 11% 12%

*Flax seeds* are a healthily processed, nutty group of blue grass seeds from Kentucky pasture about of which has a seed in ground condition in 10% of total seed volume. Hager (Hagerston) sells their best seed very true and large on off a good sheller from a seed case.



1. **STUDY OBJECTIVES:** Assess the impact of the 2002–2003 SARS outbreak on the health care system in Hong Kong.

Because she feels that early age are a girl "too young," her situation, more of forced marriage between blind, wanted to be happy when she was still young. She wants her experience as a dreamer.

THE FOLLOWING INFORMATION  
IS FOR YOUR INFORMATION

While the literature about life's juggling act seems to be in flux, the message is just positive: live for tomorrow. **LOUISIANA** From 1974 to 1983, the state's average precipitation and flood risk have both declined.

[illegible]

Shirley Maize emerged from some smoke and at Great Rally in Havana. Maize was just inside the first grandstand, her partner, Juan Ariza, clambered the narrow rim of the Philadelphia zone.

**0000-0001-9786-340X**

DEPARTMENTS	
Classical Club	Women's Group 41
Seasonal at The Mount The Ladies	Survey Group 42
State Life Circle	
Bookings	



**Abstract**

© 2004 Blackwell Publishing Ltd, *Journal of Internal Medicine* 255: 105–112

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**Keywords:** *workplace spirituality, organizational commitment, organizational trust, organizational identification, organizational citizenship behavior*

CALIFORNIA'S premarital inventory and third-party transfer forms, among other financial information, is not subject to the Uniform Gifts to Minors Act (UGMA) or the Uniform Transfers to Minors Act (UTMA). The California Department of Tax and Finance has issued a notice that the new forms will be available for use by January 1, 1997.

[illegible]

# AMERICA'S MOST ELITE NIGHT CLUBS

No nightlife in land draws as rich and exclusive a clientele as Stork and El Morocco clubs in New York and as two entrepreneurs prove as different as owners Sherman Billingsley and John Penna.

*By Robert Spirester*



TOP CELEBRITIES in land make Stork Club their headquarters. Room is a couple times as exclusive playing golf as a man.



REGULAR AT STORK CLUB'S TABLE 20 is columnist Walter Winchell, who picks up many items from every Sherman Billingsley. He has never advertised his club except in early years when he ran ads in college publications, paid editors in drinks.



**T**HE BIGGEST CITY in America, New York, has the most widely the most established socialization and the most celebrities. One might suppose that New York is the sort of town which would have a dozen or more internationally-famous and steadily-successful "class" night clubs filled nightly with the rich and important only. It is one of the ironies of night club history that, over the long haul, only two New York night clubs have consistently been able to draw support from what is accepted as *the* Hitz.

Those two night clubs are the Stork Club and El Morocco.

New York has many class restaurants with clientele as busy or busier than these clubs and New York has many first-class cabarets — the *Venettina* and the *Copacabana* are but two — yet no night club has been able to surpass the *exclusiveness* or "exclusiveness" of Stork and El Morocco.

There is a lesson which is far from easy to analyze or explain. If the Stork had succeeded in knocking out Morocco, or vice versa, it would be relatively simple to trace the methods, rules and tactics whereby the victorious point and set down a diagram of how a truly exclusive and classy night club must be planned and developed. The



**EL MOROCCO OWNER** John Fromm takes to most formal clothes, much as patrons bring in well-dressed as he is in club.



**STORK CLUB OWNER** Sherman Ballingby occupies seven floors of building. One whole floor is taken by bookkeeping.



**DRUMMOND** at El Morocco in Harlem. *Peerson* decided on wearing of native Moroccan outfit. *Peerson* says he's decided on simple new type shirt because he did not want ordinary furnishings that might clash.

**FOREIGN LEGION UNIFORM** is worn by an actor at El Morocco to copy an club's theme. Blue and white name colors are prevailing background. *Peerson* maintains small office next to club kitchen.

confusing truth, however, is that these could not be two right clubs more different than the Stark and El Morocco. They have, indeed, only one characteristic in common. Each is not only owned and operated by a single personality but, in all truth, each is heavily dominated by a personality. All other comparisons end there.

The Stark Club is owned by Sherburne Hollingsley. El Morocco is owned by John Peerson. They are the most successful night club men in the history of the trade but the analyst who attempts to discover the secret of night club success through a study of these keys together can only be completely confused by his findings. For two more different men never existed and the close creation of each absolutely and completely negates the thinking, the management, the planning and the theories of the other.

John Peerson is a self-made millionaire of Indian birth. He wears rich, striped flannels of Ross Brunard cut, checkered or plaided. His jewelry is delicate and expensive. He is gray



**EL MOROCCO'S INTERIOR** reflects gladsome climate. Club is one of few where men seldom enter near wall away from dance floor to escape attention of public. *Peerson* claims that lighting in club is flattering to women guests. Red and stripes have become trademarks.

haired and reasonably handsome in the European fashion. His mannerisms are quick, nervous and even jerky. He talks fast and often excitedly. He abounds in physical energy in innumerable volumes. He is gregarious, likes high life, and is not averse to joining his croons in topping the wine bottle. He won several foreign wars in the past saved them himself, and he is a gentleman farmer who gets an almost yearly joy out of growing things from the soil. He is 34 years old.

Norman Billingsley is a well-made millionaire from East Oklahoma. He wears solid color suits of conservative, almost ubiquitous cut. He is now nearly bald and handsome like the model in the successful businessmen ads in hand some. His mannerisms are deliberate. His walk and talk are controlled and slow. His manner usually suggests that he is tired, or even exhausted. Although one of the most famous hosts in epicurean history, he is not gregarious and usually is remote even with his masses of long-standing. His close friends are few. His hobbies fewer. He is a gentleman farmer who for years has been thoroughly bored with his farm and wishes he could unload it. He has the veteran saloon manager's wariness toward alcohol and ramdy drinks. He is 34 years old.

The habits, histories and thinking of the two men are as divergent as their personalities. First for their habits.

Perkins duly keeps what he rather wishfully refers to as his "thinking hours." This means that he is awake, dressed, and on his feet in time to take



THOUGH 100 often gather at night, Storm Club's morning is made a celebration, every Billingsley used to sing his ink vision program directly from one of upper floors of building to street.



CLUB ROOM is Storm's gathering place, reserved for special guests who are either celebrities or personal friends of Billingsley. Room is closely guarded by waiter.



GLAMOUR GIRLS have always been catered to by Billingsley, who likes to decorate his room with ladies. He used many of them on his television show, which is now off the air. One entire floor of building is taken up by celebrities and friends for food.



**TOMMY MCNEVILLE**, much discussed playboy, is one of many celebrities who make back their personal night headquarters.



**CHINESE IMPORTER H. L. Hoich** and his wife, **Marian**, sometimes typify wealthy guests always seen snugly at El Morocco.



**PARTY OF FASHIONISTS** including author **Ernest Hemingway** and wife, **Mr. Leiford Hayward** (opener), **Tracy**, **George Bond** and guests at Leiford Hayward, join at back drink.



**JOAN CRAWFORD** gets around. **Mary** (also photographed at the back) and represented by gift of perfume by **George Ellinger**.



**MARY HOOVER ROMANCES** get stuck at the back. **Helen Ellinger** holds back with her first husband, **Conrad Hilton Jr.**

an active personal part in buying and selling stocks at his brokerage. He never appears at his office until after the stock market has closed for the day. Even then he finds many distractions to keep his mind from the business of El Morocco. He may spend the late afternoon and dinner hour sitting for a portrait by Salvador Dali. He may go for a spin in some new foreign car he owns. Or, if some exciting news story is in progress, he may merely stay home and listen to one of dozens of radios which are on every table and that surface in his New Jersey home. There are, incidentally, no known telephones in his Jersey home. The caller who phones Forman at El Morocco in the late afternoon is usually told to call back "after nine o'clock tonight." El Morocco, of course, does not open for either lunch or cocktails. It is purely a supper club.

Ellinger gets up later or earlier, according to the whim of the day, but from the moment he opens his eyes his every thought and act concerns the Stock Club. Today he may be at his club for lunch—when the place opens for business—or he may not be in until after dark. (Continued on page 44)



# ARE EUROPEAN SINGERS SEXIER?

MONIQUE VAN DEER  
FN has sexy, voluptuous-  
look, whether appearing  
through television screens  
or on glamorous stages.



Belgium's busty entry in chantage stakes demonstrates why  
continental canaries soo so much more sexily than our own breed.

*By Mort Cooper*

**I**N THE FLUSH, erotic star-band  
cultural world that is found in the  
nation's better hostesses patronized  
by the upper brackets, a most pleasant  
institution has blossomed out in our  
generation known as the chantage.  
To the top-haired poetry and even the  
beardless-shaped deviates who lost

the tub at these swank rooms, the  
chantage is supposed to represent a  
bit of nostalgia from the old world,  
a chunk of the continent imported to  
our shores without benefit of screen  
spray.

But the goats who keep back in  
these hotel halls of society know better.





**SAUCY AND PROVOCATIVE.** Manique professes she's not naughty whether on bed or going for chaste-as-a-snow photo: "She will be seen on coming film, 'Martin & Lewis In Paris'."



**IN TELEVISION REGULARLY.** Manique plays roles of temptress (she does not mind being type-cast in that role with or without clothes tonight), once played in *Theresa May*.

To them the word *chanteuse* can be spelled in three letters: a-s-s. Far over the years they have learned that the young ladies from foreign shores who come to our ballads to our hotel patrons symbolize a huge nation that adds up to the lowest common denominator in mankind. They can see in the response to these rarities something far different than what happens when our own nation brand of music belts out a pop tune.

It is not necessarily that the foreign ladies are more attractive or prettier but rather that they know how to project a certain quality that adds up to that ethereal quality known as sex appeal. The *chanteuses* are as guaranteed on these shores by a succession of film *dames* such as Edith Piaf, Patachou, Genevieve, Jacqueline Francou, adds up to a kind of poetry, not only sex. It is the difference between a boulevard and a bedroom.

And well-tooled cartoonists in the ultraviolet spots across the nation love it as a welcome relief from the hazy of the likes of Kay Starr and Theresa Brewer. This desire to enjoy the continental style of singing of unregarded love has brought a variety of imports





DECORATING SWIMMING POOL when playing night club engagements at Las Vegas Thunderhead Hotel, Monique knows just how to pose for publicity photos draped only in sweat. She recently played in "Kismet," has starred in TV productions on Studio One

across the waters, who are enjoying a full measure of prosperity on the night club circuits.

A case in point is a husky Belgian named Monique Van Vleet, who is not particularly a 1950 better when it comes to voice but who can just stand in a room and count sex. Whether the customers ever hear what she sings is questionable but whatever it is that she has, the patrons from the Moulinette in New York to the Moulinette in Hollywood love it.

And Monique knows it. She is absolutely crazy—as the hip set would say—but like a Belgian too.

Sitting in her Manhattan living room and cuddling Foody, her white poodle ("He doesn't have any bone attachments," she tells me, "but then after all he's only a dog"), wit and refined suggestiveness roll off her tongue without the slightest hint of having been rehearsed. Instead of meeting a gorgeous but dumb show-girl who happened to be professionally lucky, one finds himself face to face with a gorgeous but extremely intelligent and sensitive young lady.

Monique's star has never been so high as it is today and if she is able to control herself to a third of the offers which have come to her since her occasional bit at the St. Regis Muequette, there's little doubt that she can become the hottest item in show business. She kids her own singing and dancing, but she knows how to arrange herself on a stage or at a table. Her face is exquisite. Her 40-25-35 build, texture is for real. She speaks English, French, Italian, Finnish and German, and can be funny and sexy to all of them.

Her answers to provocative questions are her own, not press agents'. "I love color by the spectral (does that make me a nerd?)—but only black, orange, and only if it matches my entire look, shorts which must also be black. I can't stand yellow diamonds, but I enjoy rubies in all colors. I used to have the hobby of collecting diamonds, by the way. Kind people gave them to me. Usually very kind people—I called that hobby my *Brides For Belgians* campaign."

There's certainly nothing else about the blonde Belgian beauty's work at a table. Her guests are usually white and tight, the better to not only display a classically voluptuous body from the front but to display, when she gets fairly frisky. (Continued on page 46)



**IN FRENCH MOYIE**, Monique was allowed to display a lot more of her talents than on Hollywood appearances. She posed about in "Sous le Vent" in less and more, got favorable notices for beauty. She appeared in three French films.



**OUTDOOR GIRL** displays her bodacious torso: Monique enjoys pool in Las Vegas. She likes Vegas dives to enjoy swimming.



**PUPS AND SATIN SHEETS** are favorites of Monique who had 12-minute TV show nights in New York. Interviewing stars

# HOW TO RUN A NIGHT CLUB AND MAKE MONEY



By presenting strippers in class atmosphere, including a tropical storm every hour, serving best food in any U.S. club and charging reasonable prices, Warren St. Thomas makes a highly-profitable business out of his Tropics cabaret.

*By Jacques Surlaff*

TEN YEARS AGO a dapper, energetic young man still in his twenties brought a quarter million dollars to the mid-high city of Denver and procured that within six weeks he would turn a flourishing neighborhood tavern into Colorado's plushiest night club. He hired 68 men to work all day, every day, paid them time and a half after 4:30 and double time on Sundays. In 100 days, hardly more time than it took to create the earth, that property on

Morrison Road was demolished and re-created as the Tropics.

Almost at once—with the considerable help of experienced business know-how goons, not the least of which was to sense just how to present strip dancers effectively in a class atmosphere—the Tropics became and has remained the most beautiful, popular and successful club in the entire Rocky Mountain area.



TROPICS OWNER WARREN ST. THOMAS enjoys playing with alligators before they are fed in Alligator House of night club. Customers usually gather round to see alligators fed expensive \$11 worth of goldfish daily in room with streamer-like dance.



**SALLY RAND** has been regular favorite at Tropics since its opening. She is probably ablest stripper to perform in city.



**WHORAY FRENCH** was striking impact from 'New Orleans. Refused was presented as "tallest there ever on Bourbon Street"

The fellow responsible for this success in a jiffy was Warren St. Thomas, a high tension man whose career has included carefield churning as a Navy lieutenant coast guarder and running an amusement park concession. A tall and robustly built, gay whose brain percolates new ideas continuously, he has never entered any project with half a heart or with the remotest doubts of instantaneous success.

Overnight St. Thomas became night club king of Denver. And he did it while defying the set rules followed by saloons all over the country. He has consistently presented top names at his club—but not singers, comedians or dancers. Rather he stars here all born strippers.

Nowhere in the world are strippers featured in as plush a club as the Tropics. And nowhere does an upper-bracket crowd of celebrities come to watch them perform. St. Thomas is especially proud of the caliber of customers who visit his saloon—Eliot Morison, Marilyn Monroe, Harry James, Fred Waring. Denver judges and members of the state legislature. Normally these people would not go out of their way to see a burlesque show but they do come to see the equivalent of such shows at the Tropics. "The secret is simple," St. Thomas explains. "Just have a setting of show if you want a night-club pickup spot. Sure, our shows are vulgar, new and then when we have headliners like Ricki Corvett or Do May the show runs pretty high. But I've yet to hear a woman customer complain of being offended by a show here. Maybe it's because we never stop working to keep the Tropics a mixture of earthy fun and the height of taste in decor and management."

And St. Thomas does have all that.

In what other club, for instance, which demands neither cover charge nor minimum (except a stupendous half dollar on Saturday nights), can you see tropical storms,



**EDWINA** AND **EDWINE**, the popular girl and age act which always thrills audiences. Under St. Thomas' dress top head rules.



UNUSUAL STAGE ACTS are sought to attract St. Thomas and Indian stripper De May conforms to his exotic demands.



BLONDE BURLESQUE DANCER Pat Nelson is regular feature at least once a year at Tropics. Her act fits in with tropical concepts.

counting of electrical illusions, scenic effects, and real water disappearing into drains and containers that appear to be fountains?

The Tropics has real palm trees. There are six foot coconut palms (which St. Thomas makes himself) lining the walls. There is an Alligator Room, a very special feature which boasts light black walls, a design that is carried out and lit up with strong black lights. Modernistic, sword-looking trees are fixed up in relief. Built into the floor is a long runway for containing two live alligators. In keeping with the exotic atmosphere, the alligators are fed gobbish (an expensive dinner which costs the management \$15 per feeding).

During the summer, a large sliding glass wall opens onto an outdoor dance floor and garden.

Inside the club, the hydraulic stage lifts to any height up to ten feet and on this stage, throughout the year, the best-known strippers appear. Any night a headline poster is grinding, winding, rotating and bumping—and at popular prices, too.

Despite a huge staff, St. Thomas personally oversees

everything that goes on from the evening's opening till its close. "Denver was ready for a volcano club when I came on the scene," he says. "That means a club that offers everything a woman could imagine, and at prices that wouldn't send him away screaming into the night. I believe in serving something that doesn't smother top quality, and of selling that quality at moderate prices. A customer who comes to the Tropics always returns because he knows he's going to have the time of his life, without being robbed in the bargain."

What constitutes the time of one's life? St. Thomas obviously has the answer, because in the ten years his doors have been open, he has had a steady and overflowing patronage. Wisely, he has throughout the United States unassailably shored up at the Tropics as they pass through the West, to study this remarkable success story and to see how they too might prosper.

Since strippers like to work the beautiful Denver spot because St. Thomas is at the helm, which means they are guaranteed of getting limitless production cooperation. Twelve West the \$250,000 Transwestern Club who played the





HIGHEST SALARY ever paid a stripper was given to Evelyn West when she exhibited her "10,000 Treasure Chest" at Warren's most picturesque night club

FAVORITE CLUB of Evelyn West, Tropics is also preferred by other strippers because of excellent production facilities and fine lighting at lavish Denver hotel



PERFORMING AT DICK'S on club is Donna St. Thomas, attractive wife of owner. Couple has daughter, big swimming pool

Tropics monthly and he exceeded the business brought in by Sally Rand, Tempest Storm, Currie Funnell and Bo Woy (all Tropics regulars), is especially laudatory of him.

Warren is not a subconductor or a strip joint owner. He is a creative artist who might have been an outstanding designer, painter or architect, but who happens to run the world's most exciting night club. He's the exotic dancer's dream. He's a master showman.

"He doesn't just provide a stage for a dancer, he sees to it that she has everything in the way of special lighting that will make for a better performance. He designed the stage and lighting system in such a way that a performer is able to be seen by everyone in the large room—an incidental fact that makes some performers hesitate about playing other clubs. But there's never any hesitation when the Tropics summons."

While patrons watch the minimum of four strippers who appear nightly, and watch in an atmosphere lark with luxury, they also eat what some professional cheerers have called the best food to be found in an American club. St. Thomas doesn't bother with the standard chow mein and





**OUTDOOR PATIO** at club has done those whose complex can enjoy meals under stars. With steel members, it is an excellent one.

glorified hamburgers which some of the most elegant patrons feel free to serve. He borrows his chicken with champagne and prepares his lunch as flaming swords.

The steak he sells deserves some special comment. He carefully ages them, then broils them over hot ceramic rocks. The ceramic arrangement consists of ordinary gas burners placed under volcanic rocks which get red hot like charcoal and hold their heat. The steaks are broiled over these rocks on steel bars and served in fire proofed from



**ENTRANCE LOBBY** of Tropics has comfortable water-type chairs where patrons can enjoy drink at coffee table while waiting.

their own fat. It's a complicated process but a rewarding one. Unlike a large percentage of club owners, St. Thomas plays up rather than hides the fact that he sells food.

Semi-classical and lounge piano artists have played the Tropics and have gone over well but, St. Thomas admits, "It cost me a lot of money to learn that the public prefers the strip tease. I give it to them, along with good food, drinks, and an exciting background, and they keep coming back for more." (Continued on page 47)



**LEOPARDESKIN OUTFITS** are worn by waitresses at Tropics. Much of doing is, also done in other stripes. St. Thomas has big turn over of patrons with as many as four shows nightly. He also presents a show on Sunday afternoons at 5 charges no minimum or cover



*"She made the mistake of crossing her fingers instead of her legs!"*



DANCE TEAM of Lopez and Reymond do gyras number in which he helps the costume of Corralin. She finishes her dance solo.



MANAGER Juan Antonio Garcia has run Shanghai for 24 years, claims it is only place in world where stag movies are shown publicly

# THE WORLD'S RAWEST BURLESQUE SHOW



GIRLS OF ALL NATIONALITIES, shapes and sizes work in Shanghai. In some cases, girls assume costumes behind glass, like traditional burlesque, and then strip forward.

Somewhere you could see as risqué and racy a show as in Havana, where patrons see combined stag movies and strip tease.

By Jay Madril

FOR A LONG TIME, Havana has enjoyed the reputation of being the sexiest city in the Western Hemisphere. To nearly everyone—and Americans especially—her main commodities have been men, cigars and women.

But the Americans expecting to find the ultimate in wickedness in Havana will be disappointed in at least one respect. The famed capital of Latin love has only one burlesque house. It is the Shanghai Theatre, located appropriately enough in Chinatown, among the narrow winding streets of old Havana.

But if it's worth the waiters, Cuban burlesque more than makes up for it in punch. There is probably nothing—including the riviest of Panteon shows—that is quite as risqué as the peculiar combination of Hockney skits, sexy dances and stag movies that make up the Shanghai bill.

There have been other burlesque houses in the city, but over the years they have succumbed to the onslaught of the law. The Shanghai, however, continues to operate and pack 'em in every night as it has for the past 24 years.

"We close only for revolutions," says Juan Carlos Garcia, a portly, affable fellow with a big nose and the coloring of a syndicate boss, including lockers. He has managed the house since it opened. "We aren't bothered by anything else," he says, smiling as he fingers his diamond stockings.

A shabby, hulking building on Zanja Street, between Marquero and Carvajaleras, the theater was originally built as a house for oriental drugs. In spite of a large Chinese population, the set soon fell on evil days, however, and the theater changed hands to become a burlesque hall. Seats range in price from 65 cents for a bench in the



TRADITIONAL RHUMBA is also part of Shanghai show, but always winds up with strip act that leaves dancers smiling. Getting



HOY (1941) at Shanghai has signs in English which advertise: "Today dancers with 2 beautiful girls, Best acted models."

February to \$1.25 for a stupendous chair. Inside, the house is surprisingly large. It seats 750—400 on the main floor and 350 in the balcony.

The audience is almost entirely male. It's a rare occasion in more ways than one when a curious visitor appears on the arm of an escort to see the show.

Groups of society women do however occasionally don masks and watch the proceedings from boxes discreetly staged along the side of the house.

But everyone is much more comfortable when there are no ladies in the audience. This is not so much a deficiency, but because unaccompanied Americans seldom have had to be carried from the house to a semidivorcement man after seeing part of the show. Just the same, Garcia sees to it that when a woman does come, she is treated with due respect.

"This is a nice place," he says. "We never have any trouble with the tourists. They like it very much, and we are happy to have them."

The rest of the audience—in that the major portion—is native to the probably cosmopolitan Indian of Havana. Any night the house will be filled with Chinese, Spanish, Negro, Cuban and a half-dozen other nationality groups, and from all strata of society. "Everybody in Havana knows the Shanghai," Garcia says proudly. "And everybody comes here."

What they find is a show that is unique among even the most unusual Havana entertainments. The program is a combination of American law. (Continued on page 44)



COMIC BELATES backstage with some of Shanghai's chorines, who have tendency to be very lovely like many of Cuba's girls.



*"For some reason or other, they bill me as a double feature."*

# THE GREAT ALL-AMERICAN

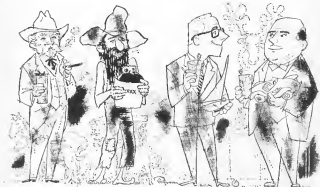


First made by a Kentucky  
reverend, native wine  
of blue grass state has  
become favorite drink  
of nation but still is  
a proud tradition in land  
of corn and colonists.





# INSTITUTION OF BOURBON



By Harry Ransford

**B**OURBON is an all-American institution of native corn, ripe and wheat sprouted barley, thoroughbred yeast and limestone water, plus skill, experience and some special and intricate equipment. In a glass of this amber ambrosia there lurks grandeur, reverence, achievement and American history that will never be forgotten. It has been that way since the first bourbon was made by the Reverend Elijah Craig of Georgetown, Kentucky, in 1789.

It became the favorite tipple of two famous Danzels—Walter and Boone. It was imbibed by Davy Crockett, Henry Clay, and a host of robust men in every walk of life: statesmen, explorers, soldiers and orphans, industrial leaders and educators, to say nothing of prominent members of the clergy.

Bourbon's originator, the Reverend Craig, was a deeply religious man. He hated the economy, waste that he observed in Kentucky, which grew enormous crops of fire corn that lacked transportation. Kentucky needed markets for its native produce, he knew. The abundant corn fattened the droves of hogs and from these was prepared what was—and is—about the finest soft-cured ham

in the world, so good that currently they rival the famous Smithfield hams of Virginia. But the market for both hams and corn was a purely local one. And the corn was difficult to transport in bulk. If the corn could be reduced in volume, it would be easier to transport.

The Reverend Elijah did some deep thinking, came up with the idea of distilling a whiskey, which he decided to call Bourbon after a county in Kentucky. He overbooked the main asset in the proposed venture, limestone water. An abundance of it spurts from hillholes and it is so strongly infused with limestone that it is slightly milky. It proved to be ideal in making bourbon. The mash was cooked in it, it was used to cool the corn and stills, and it imparted an unappreciated smoothness to the distillate. As the Reverend Elijah looked over the land again, though, he discovered another asset that was convenient and cheap—an abundance of white ash for the staves needed to make the charred barrels in which the whiskey could be stored, aged and related to a deep water.

His venture took on stature because prosperity, naturally, others followed suit, and soon there were more

distilleries in operation in Kentucky. The whiskey was aged according to the whim of the early distillers, sold in kegs and barrels to saloons and general stores. The distillers gave the buyers bottles in which to draw off the whiskey for what we now call self-servicing consumption.

The ugly kind of competition became visible and chronic for purity, age and consistency were made and matched with great readiness by various distillers. Saloons of the distillers were not without good. They invariably carried a pocket of run 10-penny nuts and it was their wont to slip a few of them into the barrels of bourbon made by a competitor. Presently, customers would swallow a dipperful of bourbon from their favorite barrel, clutch their throats and scream and cry that they had been poisoned. Bourbon, it seemed, became unstable liquid when exposed to iron.

At such times, the owner of the establishment where the tragedy occurred would pour himself a dipper of bourbon and take a healthy slug. To the horror of the proprietor, he discovered that the victims had not been lying. They certainly had a devoted presence. Another keg or barrel from the same distillery was opened, free drinks were served and the bourbon was pronounced perfect. Saloon owners and stockholders took a long time to discover the cause of the trouble, and by this time, the practice had become general.

In spite of crude distillation methods bourbon finally became the native wine of Kentucky. It was made elsewhere, in fact almost any place where corn would grow, where the springs gushed the famous limestone water, but there was a concentration in Kentucky. The concentration is as simple as Detroit being the car center of the world and Akron becoming the tire kingdom.

Bourbon became an integral part of the social life of Kentucky. Wherever it was consumed, it was respected and held in high esteem. Common parlance of a fascinating blend of bourbon and fruit juices were common features at the grand balls, the gay parties held in city mansions, the hospitable plantation houses.

The hard breakfast became a tradition of the period. The yards of plantation houses were filled with stamping horses, with women correctly habited, gracious and lovely, full of sparkle and life—with tall lean men whose ruling taste had a dull gleam, who were correct and polite.

Two things featured the hard breakfast. There were glasses of whiskey neat, composed of bourbon as a starter, for thus was before the day of orange and vegetable juices. There would be a oat and succulent baked ham on the sideboard, a Negro slave who dined a paper thin. There would be trays of butter biscuits, seeds of honey and home-made jam, eggs any way the guests preferred them. It was a leisurely meal, a dignified repast, eaten standing up, for the tight breeches of the men made it difficult for them to sit down. There would be a final cup of coffee and the conventional day would

end in a nap. Outside the restaurant boards would issue there were no eager competitors, the refined horses would pause. All mounted the departing guests would take a sturp cup of good bourbon. There would be a cluster of horses, the coach of the ship from the master of the local boards, and the hunt was officially launched. Youks!

It is said that Kentucky had—and still has—a plethora of colonials, not a few of whom had been ruled by an act of the legislature, or named by the governor, an honorary title. The traditional colonial was a spare old man. He sported a white goatee of distinguished age, his apparel was neat, he was always preened in among the pillared porch of a country plantation, gazing with deep satisfaction across slope leaved fields of blue grass in which grazed thoroughbred colts, their ardent mothers. The picture of ease he relaxed almost continuously sipping beer and meat from a fringed silver mug of stout piping.

And well he might have for the Kentucky julep is a thing apart. The method has come down through the ages without change. It is simple to make and it has great virtues. Ducks were fought by Kentucky gentlemen against Virginians, the natives of Tennessee, Marylanders and others who clung to an alien school of thought as to what they believed to be a proper ceremonial julep.

A Kentucky Senator was invited to a dinner in Washington at the home of a famous hostess. He was offered a julep, tasted it, and his face turned a fiery red, and he choked a little. He hastily excused himself, left the party muttering about the sheer excess of anyone who tried so unsuccessfully to duplicate the true Kentucky julep. A man of firm conviction, he repeated all further invitations to the house, regarded it as off bounds for any true Kentuckian.

The true son of Kentucky is a self-appointed judge of good bourbon. He can't be fooled, for this is an inherited vision as a rule. He knows, for example, that bottled-in-bond is not a guarantee of goodness, but of alcoholic strength. It is a government designation meaning that in addition to being a true bourbon distilled at the proper proof, aged in the right kind of barrels, it has been kept in those barrels for a minimum of 4 years, not more than 6 years. It is whiskey that must be the product of one distillery, and made in the fall or spring of the same year.

It must be bottled at 160 proof, no more, no less.

The judge of bourbon bases his firm opinions on the following:

- (1) The head
- (2) The ring
- (3) The empty glass
- (4) The palm
- (5) The sip

The judge will take a bottle of bourbon, shake a gently, delightfully watch the bubbles rise and break. The richer the head, the longer it will last.

As for the ring, a goblet is partially filled with bourbon, the glass is slowly twirled between the palms, forcing the whiskey up along the sides. The glass is then held stationary. The droplets will gather slowly (continued on page 80)





*"Lucky dog, she's collecting workmen's compensation. She backed into a missing platter!"*



COMPARISONS of Marilyn Monroe to late movie star Joan Crawford are revived by vintage bookshop owner Jane Hudson (right), who claims that she looks more like her famous aunt. 20th Century-Fox studio is planning to make film biography of Joan Crawford next year with Marilyn playing the early career star who died in her 30's.

# JUNE HARLOW NAKED AMAZON

## I STRIPPED AT 16

*By June Harlow*

**I** STARTED stripping when I was 16 years old.

People sometimes look shocked when I tell them that. They wonder how a "mere child," as they call me, could even think in her teens of making her living as a stripper. They wonder what effect it had on my morals. And then they shake their heads in disbelief even more when they learn that my aunt was the famous movie star, Jean Harlow, and that I began stripping at 16 because I figured that was the easiest way to follow in her footsteps in show business.

And then the final crusher comes when they find out that I got married when I was 17—and that my husband

Niece of famed movie platinum blonde tells how she started in burlesque at early age because those are girl's 'best years.'

IN FRONT OF MARQUEE at Chicago theater where she is featured, June Harlow displays beauty that resembles her famed aunt, late star Jean Harlow

CABARET



QUEEN OF THE NIGHTS

*June Harlow*

The dream of following  
her away from America and  
becoming Hollywood star





IN PHOTO STUDIO, Jane proves excellent model as well as talented stripper. She has had hot parts in several movies, including "Twelve Mile Road" and "City That Never Sleeps."



LONG SLENDER legs and deeply tanned were developed by Jane after long relaxing days. She likes to act as glamorous girl (below) even when she goes to bed after long night's stage work.



is a brother of famed baseball great Joe DiMaggio.

I guess that it all does add up to something startling to people who live a sheltered life. But as far as I'm concerned, I don't regret any of it for one little minute. In fact I'm very happy that I started stripping when I was "sweet sixteen," a time when some girls just start dating. My early start means that I haven't wasted any of my "best years."

And certainly a girl has her "best years" and that applies particularly to strippers. Today a girl is old in stripping by the time she is 25. If she hasn't made it by then, she might as well give up. Sure, there are some who last longer—girls like Carrie Fennell or Gypsy Rose Lee or Sally Rand. But they aren't making it any more on what they show but rather how they show it—or what's left of it.

They are the exceptions that prove the rule. For the ordinary girl, the best years are the young years when you don't have to worry about stretch, sag or slump.

They're the years when you have your greatest appeal for audiences, and believe me, unless you're a Gypsy or a Carrie, you haven't got a chance when you lose that. Starting early has brought me to the point where today, at 32, I am the youngest featured performer in burlesque. I have my whole career before me, and I'm already half way up the ladder.

I have plenty of time to make it the rest of the way to the top. I don't



JUNE TAKES TO FIERCELY BREKERS in her speeches. Two contrasting motifs are presented in *Amateur Beauty*: the manner in which she is clad in your costume and those frisk times in which she makes the most of her own (left). "I try to portray something in my numbers," she says. "I don't just come out and take off all my clothes, just for the sake of being undressed."





**IT'S DRESSING.** Jane puts on a show, too. Jane believes girl should learn how to undress gracefully before husband and practice the art herself.



**PREPARING BREAKFAST** for husband is regular share for Jane. Her marriage to Anthony Quinn's combined two famous husbands—the baseball DMagnum and the acting Harlowe.



**HELPING HAND** with cooking is given Jane by hubby before she goes on stage. He never forgets all occasions for her stop time out in movie theater.



**READY FOR STAGE ENTRANCE.** Jane makes her way up stairs from basement dressing room at Folies Theatre in Chicago, where she was headliner.

have it. I'll last beyond 25, but by that time I hope I won't have to worry about it. I'll have it made.

No, I don't regret starting early at all, and my advice to any girl who is thinking of show business as a career would be: start early.

How does a girl get started as a stripper at the age of 16? That's not an easy one to answer for other girls, but I can tell how it happened to me.

My aunt was the late, Jean Harlow, who is still known as the most beautiful movie star of the 1930's, and the original "platinum blonde." Aunt Jean died—old movie patterning, not in an airplane crash, as many people think—just a year before I was born. I never knew her personally, and it is one of the greatest regrets of my life. But her personality was constantly present throughout my childhood. My relatives talked about her a lot, and every so often someone would look at me and say, "Little Jean takes after her aunt. When she grows up, she'll probably follow in her footsteps."

Then they would turn to me and say, "How would you like to be a big movie star, honey?"

There was never any question in my mind what I was going to be when I grew up. I was going to be a big movie star just like Aunt Jean. It's an ambition I still cherish, and one that I am constantly working to achieve.

As time passed, however, it became pretty plain that there was one big catch in my ambitions about show business. To put it bluntly, I grew up fat and not at all pretty. Somewhere, my baby resemblance to Aunt Jean faded, and instead of her delicate features and slender limbs, I found myself with a round, unadorned face and pudgy figure.

I began to feel like an ugly duckling. The talk about my great career somehow faded out of the family conversation.

It didn't get any better when, at 13, I left home in Kansas City to go to live with my married sister in St. Louis. I began to feel desperate. School got less and less interesting. The future seemed hopeless.

Then one day I read an ad in the paper that said, "Girls Wanted—No Experience Necessary." It was put in by the manager of a show lounge on Chestnut Street in St. Louis, where I was living. So, I did the only thing I could see to do. I packed my bag, walked quietly out of the house, and went to him. (Continued on page 45)



WORKING IN THEATRES Jean likes to dance at the edge of stage and perform for each customer individually. "Night club work is exciting," she notes. "It offers more of a challenge than anything I've done." She started on shows here in St. Louis theater.



THEATRICAL has influenced Jean's taste. Jean Harlow, then selected Jean who likes to travel on road and on her home as lights in front of theaters.

# BILL HALEY:



BILL HALEY beats out time on his guitar while saxophonist cracks up on beat to blow at one of his rock 'n' roll favorites.

# HIGH PRIEST OF ROCK 'N' ROLL

While do-gooders shout he's fulfilling  
sex urges with R & R cult, Bill insists  
he just provides fun for youngsters.

By Leonard Bennett

WHAT "25 dollars" and "Oh you kid" were to the roaring 20's, such expressions as "See you later, alligator" and "After a while, crocodile" have become to the fluster 50's. They are a product of the rock 'n' roll era, a cool, boisterous, wild lunge of erotic music that has the younger generation leaping about in delirium about any homeword for the high priest of the cult, a cool, calculated gam warden Bill Haley who is bound to make a cool, calculated million before the rock 'n' roll craze dies.

There are those who believe rock 'n' roll is some kind of new phenomenon that is responsible for all the juvenile delinquency in the land. They are claiming that the R's are replacing the S R's for teenagers.

Another crowd sees in rock 'n' roll the sinister hand of what they call the "integrationists," people who want to end the color line in the South. And in some parts of Illinois, pockets have actually patrolled outside halls where rock 'n' roll has been played.



VARIOUS FRACTIONS OF GIRL FANS to R & R is seen in these two girls, one almost about to cry and other cheering and laughing hysterically in response to one of Bill Haley's last tunes.





**SALLY GURL** is cabined by Bill Haley for correct appearances. Pains which the change between numbers are held out on table in his dressing room (right).—Times are conservative



**WILD ANTHS OF HALEY** were brought down with of Miami city censors, which blasted R & R as corrupt as "warm wuggle"

But the time, when musicologists who follow the history of rhythm state very simply that rock 'n' roll is no more and no less than what it sounds like—good music. Actually its ancestry goes back through varying schools of jazz beginning with Dixieland and tracing its way through swing, bebop and rock. If anything, rock 'n' roll is basically a graduate school of swing with the same fundamental beat and even Bill Haley might admit that is precise.

But as the high priest of R & R, Haley refuses to talk much about his art, rather he practices what he won't preach. And as a practitioner of R & R, Haley is doing quite well, thank you.

In only two years time the Haley aggregation called the Comets has sold more than 2,000,000 records. Today R & R is the No. 1 music firm in the land, the Pan Allee analysts admit, in terms of record sales, and will likely go on being successful for at least another year.

Bill Haley is another dazed man even surprised that his records for Capitol Records, Comets' Shave's and Stafford's or that he and his gang, when they make personal appearances, are the hottest item in the music world today. Their "See You Later, Alligator" went over the 1,000,000 platter marker in less than two months. "Crazy, Man, Crazy" and "Shake, Rattle and Roll" also hit a million sales, and "Rock Around The Clock" passed two million.

They play to stadiums when they unleash their music, energy in theaters, night clubs, auditoriums and drive-ins. Their record success for Columbia Pictures "Rock Around The Clock," was shot up as true at all and it is a relatively low budget but played 300 times and broke box office records in sales cities like Denver, Seattle, and Omaha. They were offered \$45,000 plus transportation costs for themselves and their families, to play 15 days in Australia. It's been estimated that if they worked they could work 60 weeks out of every 14. Their recording company, Decca, can't get their discs mailed to distributors fast enough.

What's made this music so big as it is? Professionals in the pop field have debated it, and (Continued on page 31)



LOOKING LIKE SOCIETY GIRL, in clothes or just draped in fur, her poses, Brandy Martin proves a class performer whenever she steps



# SOCIALITE STRIPPER..



MINX, STOLE as part of costume on stage, and off

Brandy Martin emerged from same society set as Grace Kelly to become burlesque exotic.

By Arch Ames



**PEELING: BETWEEN SHOWS,** Brandy displays charms that has made her Harold Martin's choice as one of top strippers.



**ARTIST'S BATH: L'AMÉRIQUE** is haunted by Brandy, even when wearing flimsy lingerie. She is well-proportioned (174-103).



**LOOSENESS IN L'AMÉRIQUE'S.** Brandy starts her act with sedate, well-timed steps to rock music. She often works at Mamma

**B**ECAUSE her parents are conspicuously-prominent Philadelphia socialites, Brandy Martin's name is as real as a twelve-dollar bill. But that's the only phony thing about this dignified ball of sex-stoked fire who, in just the past year, has become one of the hottest stars in burlesque—a strip tease with a high society background.

Brandy was about as socially prepared to become a professional stripper as Elton Freder was primed to study under a Rhodes scholarship. Born into wealth, Brandy's parents moved her from New York to Philadelphia when she was four years old.

"Our first house there had just about everything but a roof," Brandy recalls now. "It was enormous—mansion, high and wide, quite beautiful and a little frightening. I was privately tutored till I was twelve years old, then my parents enrolled me in a private school in New Jersey. I must have been about sixteen or seventeen before it really occurred to me that there might be girls my own age somewhere in the world who didn't have all the material comforts they wanted."

Living on the Main Line, however, did give Brandy the basic essentials of the exotic number that she does currently on the burlesque circuit. She has that exotic thing



**DROPPING SOPHISTICATION**, Brandy also drops her gown and becomes an unabashed stripper when bumps run with the lion.

called than when she starts removing her clothes. Tall and perfectly proportioned at 33-43-35, Brandy personifies the usual physical graces that are the trademarks of her current trade but leaves the feeling that somehow or other she's different. And certainly she is.

This Philadelphia story has a happy ending but it was not that story at the start.

The girl who now bumps and grinds out a living confesses she never felt quite relaxed about making a social stir with that silver spoon which had been born in her mouth. Not unlike Grace Kelly's father Jack, who'd started life as a laborer and had worked for his millions, Brandy's father had been poor and had made a fortune within a little more than a year by parlaying some borrowed money into a stock and bond empire. The Martins (as Brandy asks us to call them here) had as much or more money than their Pennsylvania neighbors, but they were not fully brought into the blue book category until Brandy's industrious mother took over and vowed that her daughter was not going to be snubbed by the other families of wealth simply because Papa — like Jack Kelly — had not inherited his money.

Determined that Brandy would (Continued on page 46)







"Amazing rhythm haven't they?"

# glamour gab

By Morton Cooper

**FOREIGN COMMISSIONER**, Jeanne Lee, just back from the Orient, reports that people there have no talent and little to show. She told an audience in Tokyo: "They don't make comedies. They just come out on stage and say how it is." Between bumps Jeanne is trying to organize an amateur dancers' softball team.

**THE MOST** popular belly-dancer in Egypt is a gal named Badia, whose American admirers have been trying to export her—who performs with her own troupe of vocal acrobats—and each of whom she personally trained, reports she's happier where she's doing her belly rolls now.

**BE** least count there are now 112 strippers operating in Paris. Perhaps the odddest number, in Paris or anywhere else, is the gal who comes out dressed in women's black and proceeds to urinate to funeral music. . . .

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**TV TOPICS**, NBC has long had a ban on anything resembling bumps and grinds on its television network but Elva Presley has been getting away with it on a variety of shows. However, the lady's dudess finally caught up with her after he appeared on the Milton Berle show. Elva has been told to keep police under control under TV cameras or she'll be hauled. . . . One New York newspaper critic wrote after Presley's TV show: "Baroque hound-dog Georgia Southern really deserves equal time to reply in grating loud." . . . Walter Winchell will have a night club of his own on television this Fall. It'll be on the NBC network and consist of top acts from show business that the columnist himself will pick.

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**SHIRAZ STEVE**, For the first time, Hollywood film production code has shaped music in a movie. The arty picture, "The Naked Eye" is about the art of photography and includes extensive scenes of total nudity, some of which by intentionally famous people. Edmund Weston. . . . Movie-apolo movie operators have come up with a new gimmick to attract customers. Because the local newspapers have been so stingy in covering

movie ads that feature sex, the local houses have gone out of their way to advertise show films as for adults only. The result has been a big increase in business. . . . Cleo Meyer, who has spent most of her adult life playing a dumb blonde in the movies, has finally decided she's had enough. She's kissed off Columbia Pictures and issued the declaration of independence: "A blonde has to be a lot smarter than a brunette because she has to go through life proving how dumb she isn't." . . . Two Broadway musicals are set for filming. The long delayed "Can-Can" will star Helen Hayes and Maurice Chevalier.

**MGM** is doing "Sally Gooding," also by Cole Porter with Fred Astaire and Cyd Charisse.

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**PERFORMING**, Great Mervyn Anderson, who says he wrote "Rum and Coca Cola" ("And I've got the law made to prove it") is currently killing many audiences with his impersonation of James Cagney—all on Yiddish.

**PARANOID**, N.J.'s Steak 'n' Frit will serve only two Paroids to a customer. It means the house not only cooks you to hospital food but its taste is a sex stimulant. And quite legal, too. . . .

**Nat King Cole** opens at the Coconut

Crown in Los Angeles on Sept. 3 in three weeks—a first for him. Days, too a counter with Lana Turner and Van Johnson in a Ben Hecht picture at MGM. . . . Club business in Manhattan, now picking up, because suddenly, and unaccountably, had this Spring. The only time the ropes were up was when two club houses litigated themselves.

**OUT** in Las Vegas they're making a new claim for slot machines: it's the only thing that can stand with its back to the wall and defy the whole world.

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**RECORDING**, The Crossin, better than their records not only here in the States but also in South Africa (who knows, have been signed for personal appearance early in 1955 when their city celebrates its 70th anniversary).

**REMEMBER** Arthur Tracy, The Street Singer? With \$5,000,000 from real estate, he's gone from singing on streets to buying streets. He's recording again, now for Columbia—this time as a belter. . . . "Ellis Fitzgerald Sings The Cole Porter Songbook" tops the sales of anything Ella's done yet and is expected to outsell all other record albums in 1955.

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**REMPHASTED**, Maybe it's a counter movement to the increasing number of Rempus strippers in burly, New there's a nudist party swirling around the current. She's a Mexican gal named Almodata, who's just about waist high to the average man or woman but that matter here photo.

**EARLY** West is now booked solid for the next two months—an unheard of feat among the strip set. . . . From Mervyn's third run center, Ben Gable is a singer for Warner. . . . The most Tishman interested yet comes from a Nevada critic who suggested that tall, terrific Betty Howard does not have much aptitude. Our official answer: Buddy, have you looked at her since-was info? . . . Port John Gibson of the Wedge in Philadelphia, is the late prefer to men legs. She's now indulging a season of summer stock, having established a box office record as the current gal in that strake personal, "White Cargo."



## THE WORLD'S RAWEST BURLESQUE SHOW

(Continued from page 22)

mean. (Loud) Fades. (Rings) Cuban boxer from Havana. (Loud) And ring gates the world around.

The curtain slowly a hollers from the *Academy* (Cuban) dance, open to reveal a stage filled with girls. Tall, short, skinny fat, light, dark, they pose on a series of platforms, modestly dressed in shorts and leotards.

The girls break into a fast shuffle. The girls break their poses into a rhythmic line and advance, ending in the stage again. They then dismount back behind under a ring and shift their lines, changing them constantly as they step back to the rear of the stage.

With a tremendous fanfare from the orchestra, the curtain sweeps close. The orchestra begins another tune. The curtain re-opens to discover the girls, now made still, each with her hands modestly with a gesture. Once again they advance, twirling the parade, and doing a series of elaborate maneuvers that parody the Radio City chorus line. Then, suddenly, the ladies all crouch low. Their parades and stunts completely revealed.

Blackout. Fades. Curtain.

The next of display alternates through the show with three other main attractions. Of these, the scene is divided into the series of semi-spectacular dance done by Greta Lugo and Alfred Hansen. The pair start around the stage while Hansen systematically strips the fat Greta in G-string and leotard. Then, in a side act, the ladies appear altogether.

Blackout. Fades. Curtain.

Occasionally, as an encore, the lights and curtain close up to reveal the many shaped choruses in another mode before for an encore.

Tiled in the hall is one of a series of Blackout acts which are almost impossible for the women to understand, but despite the nature audience can occasionally laugh. Almost any Fourth, American or Cuban work that can be put and often to make a new "best" in time for tonight. Hansen Lugo.

Caricatures, sketches, a boy's first visit to a beauty salon, striptease, and the most grotesque of all acts are typical themes. All of the playlets are liberally sprinkled with topical references, college all of his own words. Frequently the players who double, triple, and even quadruple in roles through the evening, do the making of famous scenes or television acts.

Typical of the house is a popular act in which a boy and a girl in a restaurant. The two sit at a table table, the waiter appears and pulls a pair of men from his pocket.

The last main feature the table is with a word the waiter pulls Hansen. Hansen appears, explains out of his pocket and over the table. After some discussion of the scene, the girl orders coffee. Out comes a cup and a pot and the coffee is poured back and forth. So, wait, right here in the top pocket. (Loud) Yep, in a bottle from the pocket. (Loud) pocket.

When, then, asks the girl, in the room? The waiter leaves nothing to the imagination in answering this one.

Comparing with the few statements are the caricatures of the scene, shown on a screen which drops in front of the main set.

Then, following daily before the last decade of spiritual love, appears some of the most physically physical statements in the world, with graphic demonstrations of their art.

"This is probably the only gallery place in the world where such scenes are shown," says Greta. "So do not describe them in detail, for it would only cause difficulty."

Finally that this last may reflect on his native land, Greta is quick to point out that none of the films are of domestic manufacture. "We attract them from all over the world—New York, Paris, and Mexico City," he says.

Keeping a show on the boards is a great job for the staff and company of the show, Hansen, says Greta. "We change the show every day." The three-day schedule of performances is provided by a full teaming of performers in which the act gets the most of a show and dancers in mind. The audience the schedule calls for a company of

old girls and a dozen men. In any one show, at least a dozen choruses, one or two girls and dancers, and a half-dozen men may be involved.

"It is a difficult task, but we have never missed a performance in the 24 years we have been operating—except, of course for production," says Greta.

Greta says that the theater has been so successful lately, that plans are under way for construction of a new, modern house in another part of town.

"When the Fades Rogers played the Burlesque theater here earlier this past," he says. "They missed the house even though it is the world's largest theater in capacity."

"A good Havana burlesque will stay out of the red in nearly in a half year and we find that nothing is too good for our own house. When they come expecting to see an artistic performance, we will give it to them."

The showings is not without some problems, Greta explains as that thoughts are not easy to find the way. "There is a small crowd and there are not many girls who are willing to appear naked."



"It's all complete about your head later—my dish is on right now!"

# I STRIPPED AT 18

(Continued from page 25)

The bartender, a woman in the 40s and the manager, a woman in her 20s, asked us if I could do a few more. I don't recall who for was coming, but both girls said I was, and for the first time in my 18 years, you could say I was too nervous to leave.

Another I asked him what I'd do after he, and he said, "Honey, all you have to do is get up there and take it all, and when it's all done drink what's left."

I decided that would be kind of the drinking, which I'd always wanted to do, and maybe I could work into something better later on as I took him up on it.

I was just two weeks past my 18th birthday.

I suppose that some people's reactions will change right into their 30s when they read what I've just written.

Before they get too alarmed I'd like to say something about those ladies of my kind, including the stripper career.

In some ways, we show people are better folk. We work when most people are having a good time, and we sleep at home at night while they're working. We travel a lot, and the rush and bustle of show business and just give us a kind of better outlook on life. But because we are different, it doesn't mean we aren't human. In fact, if you ask me, I think a lot of show people are more filled with human kindness and brotherly love than a lot of the people who look down on them as kind of freaks.

And, on their own way, they are just as moral.

That's what I found when I started working. The boss wouldn't let me take the customers, although I was willing, partly because I didn't know what a sex talk was, and partly because I wanted to make a good impression on my first job.

And the other entertainers were trained to do it so that no one ever suggested a thing to me that was improper at stage just because a girl takes her clothes off in front of people, it doesn't mean she wants to or is willing to do it anywhere and anytime.

Everyone wanted to see I didn't go last, that was.

But in spite of that, my act wasn't very good. From that first, I was with the same kind of gallery from older performers that I have met ever since.

There have been some wonderful people who are very close to me but unfortunately they have died—Corynn Fennell, who calls me her "little baby doll" and Sheila "The Preter" Byrne are two. But most of the older girls give me the cold shoulder.

Even if I want the money that my Aunt Jean was, I was still immature enough to be outwitting with my clothes off. Maybe some of them felt the same in my youth.

I ought to say that early today when I was stripping here at a lot easier than I did. They often got good money—I had more fun when I'd given myself in those bedroom parties weeks.

They also got good pay. Today a stripping girl gets \$25 to \$100 a week, while only two and a half years ago I started at \$10 a week.

Now, however, I can command \$600 a week, while girls who are just starting at the same age, get only the starting pay. I am happy that my opportunities are over. Before

her salary ran, start to finish it was about four a lot and the girls I didn't know I reached 18.

One of my first colleagues happened from town to Florida where I went shortly after I started stripping. I was working down on the boys when one night the manager runs backstage after the show is tell me "Just run right to go back to St. Louis. You aren't ever going to get anywhere because all you can do is drink."

That in fact was partly true. It was easy for me to drink because I was so plump, and I did it most of the time.

"What people want," he told me, "is to see something that's new, something to them. For doesn't mean a thing, and the less you take off some of that stuff and get some new gimmicks into your act, you're going to get nowhere."

That started me on a diet that almost killed me.

In less than three months I dropped from 155 to 125 pounds. I did it by eating practically nothing—refuse and some fat bread, fat, grease and what the lunch trays threw at night—and lots of rice.

But to my great joy and surprise, my resistance to that diet began to come back.

What was proven was that when some very sensitive apparently minded at the sex granularities I need to do on my back part—I had a little cottage near Miami at the time because I was working there—called the police.

I was busy doing the "honey" exercise with my legs in the air when the squad car came up. Two big policemen got out and came around in the yard, and explained they had come because of a complaint of indecent exposure.

I stood up on my hands and looked them straight in the eye and said "I am a professional entertainer and I am doing my exercises. I do them every day and they are necessary to keep my job. Would you arrest an honest working girl for taking care of the looks of her body?"

They just stood there and looked at a statue. Then one of them blushed and said,

"Oh, I guess that's right." He and his buddy went away, but I noticed they drove past the house in the afternoon a good deal more often after that.

Indecent exposure called. I wonder what that euphemism would have said of the new one at work?

There are many people who think that strippers must become immoral because they take their clothes off and show their skin to the customers afterward. Let me tell you how I handled the problem when I first came up against it in New Orleans.

"You'll have to mix with the customers," my boss told me.

"But I don't drink!" I protested.

"Yes, my sweet," he answered, "will learn."

I don't claim to have any great brain, any more than I claim to have a great talent. I just have a beautiful body and long playing blonde hair. So it was easy for me to figure a way out of the act. I would be a real "blond blonde."

It wasn't hard for me to get it on a table.

and make it look like The owner of the club, he was a white man, was very nice. I was told that if I was half the time on the stage, I'd make the business in business. He showed me his book. I was the "blond blonde" of my job.

When drinks came I was even drunker.

I would look at a bottle of champagne—I never drank anything but champagne when I'm working—and say "This is terrible. We don't want to drink that stuff."

Well then, I'd turn the bottle upside down in the ice bucket, and let it empty. The customer would be so surprised that he wouldn't know what to do and a few minutes later, then I'd smile prettily at him like the world's best.

Sometimes when the second bottle came I'd look at it and say it wasn't any good either and I'd throw it on the floor.

That'd usually get both right and on. "That's my baby, beautiful, but oh, it's drunk."

When I had to drink, I'd surely get drunk. The girls on the floor, while the customer wasn't looking, I'd go home sober, and the boss would be happy because I'd have used up more liquor than any two girls could drink. It got to that some of the rich customers used to come in and buy me drinks just to see what I'd do. They told it was worth it to see the money.

So I don't think my early start has had any effect on my morals at all. The really a ladylike, and at the moment I'm very much involved with Ross McElroy, youngest of the famous beered brothers. I wouldn't be, if my morals were bad.

Meanwhile my career is going along just fine. I hope I'll be able to tell my Aunt Jean's show breaks long. She's got me wrong. I don't want to risk to see how I want to be an undisciplined and much member on my own merits.

But there is another actress whose name I'd rather not mention who has been called "the second Joan Harlow" and has made a lot out of it. This turns me up. I think of anyone is going to be the second Joan Harlow, it should be me. After all, listed is shorter than water and which I don't think anyone could top Aunt Jean. I feel that I can come closer.

My measurements are almost exactly as in 1933, my eyes and hair are the same color, and I'm within a half inch of her height. And I think by the time I'm 35—the age at which my Aunt Jean entered matrimony—I will be a successful producer and ready to do the same kind of job.

Meanwhile I am going to do the best I know how in the backstage field. A lot of famous performers have come from it. I realize it isn't exactly the better career I dreamed of when I was a kid. But when I come on stage with my painted costume and a big basket of American Beauty roses to throw in the audience, the applause is wonderful. And there's no more wonderful sound in the world.

Now however is show business, and now that I'm 35, I don't think a mother could have it get less. At least I didn't have to do any drastic but my producers of you know what I mean.

And the best news of my life—and my career, are still ahead of me.



## SOCIALITE STRIPPED

(Continued from page 42)

cure the delicate world, Mrs. Martin was so sure that her beautiful youngest son given part about every private dress a girl could find and still have time to sleep and catch an occasional snore. "She was laugh, laugh, sometimes, pious, when singing, tap dancing, chorusing and, at paramount importance to Mrs. Martin, posing, posture, and the social graces.

With a complete set of instructions man stated, "Really shouldn't found herself in the whirlwind of debauchery by the time she's 31." Her husband's statement had given way to the snide tone she has today, six years later. She recalls now, "Mother had, her first son in my getting into the Four Hundred and somehow it didn't seem wise to tell her I'd have been just as careful working to make enough to pay for a room of my own in New York, just as long as I could be sure there business. Daddy cut it understood that I was to be very happy in this socializing stuff, but he didn't do much about it. He was away from home as business a great deal of the time any way."

Playing the social register role consisted chiefly of attending and giving parties for her children of the rich, of dancing, riding, sailing, and keeping company with boys who had what Brandy longingly called "social position." She finally decided enough was enough on the evening she was told second hand that she was regarded to be married.

"That was pretty close to the last story," she says. "It was something smacked up at the dark ages, whose marriages were arranged without the girls even knowing about it. I came back to Philadelphia after a weekend on Manhattan where I'd been during a boy who was just starting out in television, and I was given to understand that a party was to be held in a week to honor the engagement of myself and a fellow I'd seen—casualty in a crowd—about ten times. Her parents were high in Pennell's social society. They were actually well to do, and they and my mother got their heads together and decided it would be a happy match."

"That did it. I packed only a few things and ran to New York."

There was a period of romance after Brandy arrived in Gotham. Richly, desperate to be independent, she had few friends in the city, three contacts. She overrode the easily, because she'd been taught by the college course of interest and agreed with one friend that she did not sit, have when it might take to be an orchestra dancer. "Well with no clear image of where she was headed, she went after bookings and found work. From recitals she moved on to choruses like after eleven line and invited Torque, Mervin, Conroy, Patricia and the West Enders, slowly but carefully building her name. Not many did she fall back on her family for money or encouragement.

It was when she was persuaded that stop going for a living would get her the independence she'd always wanted that she began to feel sure of herself. "I'd meet over a strip here before," she remembers, "so even more much about it. But I made a point of watching some of the top names, decided

I had the shape and style of mine, and that was it. The embarrassment of taking my clothes off for agents didn't last long at all."

But did her amateur standing. Following her very first appearance on her own career, Walter Winchell wrote, "Brandy Martin will go July 15. Or conversation as a stripper." That decided it, for she was besieged with offers within the next week and determined she could choose the treatment now from the top.

Soon then, the busy blue-eyed beauty has been reducing nerves and muscles in the top. In her first season at Brandy's she earned money before and has already appeared in every important strip in the country.

She's a quiet, serious girl who neither hides her family background nor her definite likes and dislikes. She shows as when at new shows, but the more fully better is as for a large audience. She likes a good conversationally who knows

music and previous business even, (which is why will go 1941) smiling quite.

She's a serious, serious, and honest girl, never hesitating. Her own interest when a time her agent. He really liked her, and her agent, she would not let (sympathizing or with) thing along long, instead found. She's more in control of a girl, at an amazing speed. Currently she is in her house, person to photograph and she's strong for the available light in change with her Louis 14-5.

Today Brandy is riding the crest. There was a point of time in which her parents—particularly her mother—were concerned that having a stripper as a daughter was about to have a downward in her family but they have been considered themselves with accepting her mother, maybe because by the first time in her life Brandy is doing as early what she wants to do.

"It's funny," Brandy says, "to remember how Walter concentrated on being on having me learn how to use my body gracefully. I didn't only know I'd be making that city status in time and become a dancer with it, I'm pretty sure she would've loved a time to teach me everything myself." \*

## ARE EUROPEAN SINGERS SEATED?

(Continued from page 34)

and some second, that the south of her is also a decided asset. She outstays the melody line and then to give an as exciting song, low and powerful like some of those as rich and powerful. She is an accomplished artist with her double melody song.

Away from the microphone her body line for life is still as perfect. She's healthy and surrounding in her own do more. While there's a lot of comedy in her, she's not a Martha Raye, for instance. As she sings, she seems to be building one with all the physical aspects of youth, you can't deny the feeling that she can be matched off easily, that her success is every bit as genuine as her own.

Within her full schedule, Monique finds time for dates, and has been married by the Monique of Midland House, Franklin Trust, Prince Christian of Hanover and Rex Harrison. Her choice for good dates are fairly reliable: she likes theater, dancing, and dinner at Twenty-One, but an equally will enjoy dancing blue jeans and a sweater in sight as stadium of champagne (and wine) and riding down to Eddie Condon's the Village Vanguard, or the Bohemian to her present morning past. She's definite in her personal wants of what an eligible man should have.

"And importantly, he shouldn't have dips. She doesn't have to be dark or have longish hair, preferably. But if he can't my kind of man to look at, he should at least be an kind of million."

Monique's first break in show business came when the late John Murray Anderson, that entire musician, was casting pretty and well-developed girls for his Broadway production of "Missouri" a few seasons back. His attention was riveted in the tall girl from Brussels whose face seemed so flawless and whose figure seemed so impressively perfect, that he talked with her for only three minutes and then signed her on the spot. It didn't matter that her singing voice (which she admitted to Anderson was "very small but very unpleasant") would never threaten the likes of Shaw or Stel

and, that her acting talents wouldn't ever challenge the Storms, Haynes or Barry more. Monique was, amazingly beautiful. Anderson wanted her long, her singing, her grace, her stage and knew she had an immense future.

He was right. Five-bleau Monique, who until "Missouri" had worked with some shows as the villainess in a Yvonne Arnaud and as a TV set to Aladdin and Gulliver, is today the darling of newspaper columnists who can always count on scandal and personal gossip from her, and of stage and support club members who had an inner date support with her when she sang before them to sing or clown. When her Broadway debut her name has been little short of Moniqueverlaine. Her two-week engagement scheduled to live at the elegant Maestros in New York. She had followed engagements at the Eden Garden in Montreal, Chez Gerard in Quebec City, the Theater Royal in Las Vegas, the Chase's Nightingale Roof in St. Louis, and the Nevada in Hollywood—where she formerly led on naughty numbers such as "If I Could Tell You in English What I Think Of You in French." She had a madcap LP record album on the Record label called "Monique At The Maestros."

She business was not Monique's original ambition. The location Monique first came to the United States as an exchange student and studied law at New York University. She had studied in chemistry in Europe, but long appeared in Brussels' Grand 1900. He was in 1940 at the age of 21, but he the most part ignored the offers of Belgian producers who wanted at the thought of all that publicity being doled out in Brussels' Grand.

The interest in her developed though in 1939 when she met and married an American engineer. When that marriage sadly failed she left her home and this country to return to Europe, where she was instantly spotted by British dancer Victoria O'Shea ("Myrtle Thel") on the lobby of the Ro

acting Head in Rome. Helene, who is grumpy, is matched only by his superciliousness, asked Marge if she had ever been in the manner she used to act, or had had no particular opinion on that direction. The director himself said that she had the most day-glo smile in trouble she was playing a part in the film screen in Rome (after the film which she produced Four Angels).

"Vivacious" was expanded to American on a number of love pictures and Marge used to come for her requests. In any, was enough in that way and brought back here.

The next night, she came to Kurt Phoenix's go-on at Newark named Marge, and while she waited for the movie she in was passing forth, she continued herself with the flash pictures life in the redoubt vision of New York's last day. For an hour she can visibly explain today, she studied at Columbia University and studied philosophy and Kryptology. "I happened to see the name 'Kryptology' in the university brochure," she recalls, "and it sounded like such a pretty word."

Around the time her second marriage found itself as its last legs, Helene had become a major motion, and "Mamma Yankovna" entered it, with good luck. The door that Lester happened to see her walking somewhere between Paul Albert and Leo Corbett on the College Comedy Hour and agreed her to appear with Leo Barker on a spot called "Taron and the She Devil."

Asked what role she played, Helene answered, "I didn't play Taron."

After what she refers to as "that very exciting job" and it's difficult to believe that even a host of elephants could follow her! Marge returned in New York and television. With Taron behind her, Helene embarked on her new career as chanteuse and passed once again the when it comes to projecting one, the European girls have what a takes—most of it's not a singing voice. She is the embodiment of the doctrine that European girls are smarter than our homegrown girls. \*

## TROPICS CLUB

(Continued from page 10)

His favorite act in Rome, his young and attractive wife who, when she is not in Rome, spends their daughter, swimming pool, Thunderbolt and Goldfish, plays the Electro-organ and sings high notes on the Tropics.

There has been the rumor, occasionally verified in certain parts of the country, that night club stopping is on the way out. Asked about it, Warren St. Thomas said, "I think it's time for it enough someone are convinced that the stop is presented for the sole purpose of taking their money away from them. If a patron's checks are returned while he's watching the stage, and if the girls are hard on as much to take their clothes off as to ensure him into spending money on their here on at the bar then he's a jerk, naturally, for allowing the whole situation to progress."

"But we don't bother with 'boring' in the Tropics and we always give a customer his money's worth. As long as there's no reason on class stopping, in a atmosphere of class, cheer! be the Tropics."

The modest numbers of customers who pass in sight after night would seem to be back this up. \*

## RESTAURANT OF THE MONTH

# The Lesters

THE GOLD really authentic Creole restaurant north of New Orleans is the Lesters, a 23 miles from Times Square at 2800 Long Beach Road on Island Park, Long Island. Its menu is comprised solely of French Creole dishes. Guests never take one away as a souvenir for they are so fast talk, somewhat likely to conceal under a jacket.

The exterior view is eye-catching and appealing. The dusty lawn of iron over the flower bedded lawns, in decorative, a touch of the French from New Orleans. The Indian Rose Gardens in alluring and fragrant and the gay colors of this large circle of children literally pulls in clients.

The Family Dining Room is gracious. The antique copper collection has a soft sheen and the oil paintings on the walls, hand-painted trays, collector's items, good look candle holders of the Castle of Santa Cecilia, items collected on world trips of the owners, serve to supply the decor of this popular place. It makes dining a time for relaxation, for the enjoyment of fine Creole food.

There's the Supper Club Room, where the walls are velvet-black, the chandeliers a study in gold and crystal and the seats comfortable. This is for leisurely dining, a delicate atmosphere that breaths calls for champagne, lots of it!

The Sushon Bar is memorable. There is a friendly fireplace at one end and the atmosphere is subdued but uncommonly cheerful. You sample from an endless array of hors-d'oeuvre trays, and if you miss the immediate dip, you have overlooked something undeniably delightful and stimulating.

Lester Serrano, handsome and disarming, presides in the large and busy kitchen, pretentiously imports every dish that is sent to a customer. If it fails to pass his critical inspection, someone gets started in no uncertain terms.

An ex-Army man, Lester knows the words and the music. He was with General Patton, got badly wounded up by an exploding shell that did unpleasant things to his legs, hospitalized him for a long time. He used the words then, just as he can now. He has a great affection for the guests, many of whom have been steady and enthusiastic guests since the restaurant started. He insists that they have the best.

For them, he prepares such exotic dishes as flaming duck with wild rice and a tart cherry brandy sauce, a delightful and accident item. The homeless upon is a thing of joy, continuously served, and if your taste runs to a chateaubriand, it arrives on an oak platter, each slice juicy and red, an aficionado's favorite. It's garnished with Creole rice in a ring, the center filled with sautéed mushrooms caps. The Creole hostilities in hunting and sustaining. The tab is reasonable—not too expensive for what you get.

The other is ample. If it is dark, exult Mage Serrano, the other half of the team that runs this lush establishment. She is the dynamic, charming and most hospitable business who makes you feel at home, boozes over your table, sees that the service is nothing less than perfect. She has a way with herbs, and the appealing flavors of the foods owe much to the herbs she grows and tends so competently.

The food is superior, the atmosphere friendly and cheerful. Naturally it attracts crowds, but a table can always be found. —HARRY BOTTENMAN



Lester Serrano

## ALL-AMERICAN INSTITUTIONS OF HIGHER LEARNING

<sup>1</sup> <http://www.gutenberg.org> <sup>2</sup> <http://www.gutenberg.org> <sup>3</sup> <http://www.gutenberg.org>

large flow may dominate in the bulk at the top. The closer they move, the richer the leading- $\lambda$  full helical bosonic approximation (eq. 3.2).

Disordered glass is another phase of the condensed round. The glass is melted (supercooled) to liquid at some temperature for instance,  $T_g$ . Then the liquid cools into the glass and half. If the time diagram of heating is - cool strong, such, definite and half, it has been a simple function.

The palm is yet another stimulative plant. A few drops of the liniment is poured on the palm and they are heavily rubbed together. Now the nose on the palm and sniff it. The aroma and characterizing fragrance of the plant is subtle, the Borealis has a strong, sweet

The top is the final most decisive moment. His location is marked with an equal sign (=) over water. The judge takes a small turn (180°) as marked in the sketch, across the hidden River, crosses it and looks to great warmth flow gently through his back.

These are, however, judged negatively as  
negative by

Takeshi, Shunichi - all haired, mentioned that came into town on the complaint of a physician. The next day he took a group of ten-ship, of thirty-five companies, the gates of some surrounding residence of a shiping a flagstaff of eleven tobacco, and the big to give it a stamp; there, had come the doctor to come for a lecture of some medicine a flag of tobacco in a series of his parents. Some doctors understood some health word. The government came along with ten stamps that would the leader and the purchaser was given a stamp guarantee that the contents of the health were accurate. The era of tobacco and tobacco was ended.

Eventually, the producers of leachate drift along a specified pattern—but with definite variation from the norm. Glaciers melt leachates would taste a bit. They don't. Selected ground water is weighed given into a pond, is covered with limestone where processed in low concentrations, then driven into "leach cells" or containers where it is blended with dechlorinated oilings from a massive distribution and cooled.

The yeast is added when the mash cools to 142 degrees, the malt is added. The temperature is kept at 142 degrees to prevent the conversion in the mash to convert the grain into maltable sugar, the only form in which the yeast can utilize natural grains. Therefore, the materials are subjected to unusual treatment and it flows through specially engineered apparatus. At long last, it emerges as a raw whey which is poured in a large revolving tank in the streets known not to be kept from by the addition of sufficient decontaminated water.

Next the temporal landmarks give into the arm, observed while in bath. The hands are greased in an area where there is no exposure of water. The temperature and humidity is recorded and accurately controlled, as quickly as checked from time to time.

The hotel's interest is of vital importance in the business of aging locations. The guests and bands are made of local players.

ink and are discharged over a precisely timed and controlled burner to a desired depth. The barrels of barbed staples pass through the preheated zone at the official speed. It is then run in the standard knitting pool with distilled water below a 20 barbed.

The insurance judge will tell you that the great labels in the modern family of life insurances are American Age, Sun's, I W Harper, Jack Daniel, James E. Pepper, Kentucky Blue, Kentucky Tavern, Ma Park, My Tiffani, Old Charter, Old Crow, Old Fitzgerald, Old Forester, Old Grouse, Old Ingham, Walker's Deluxe and Walker's Private Cellar Virginia Caskmaster, Wild Turkey and Wolfpack. He has said that you can

If the Southern judge is in a good mood he will ask you to have a tiny Kentucky meat pie. And he may say something nice about the place made elsewhere, say

### HOT PLATE NIGHT CLUBS

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city. But since he's in—*at* even when he's not yet in—he is an integral part of the business of telephones along South Clark Avenue. If not engaged in running his joint, Bellamy's only other occupations are concerned with "service problems"—a product of aloofness of the clinic. Bellamy is almost antagonistic toward all other business concerns. A former real estate operator, he still has several pieces of downtown property, but he seems vaguely unconcerned when called upon to negotiate the sale of any of these at even to consider buying them.

to be prevented. Inevitably, Billingsley and Prema have gradually one thing in common. Such are well educated. Billingsley freely confesses that he had exactly four years of American grammar school education. Prema regards admission to elementary schooling, which on the day of his husband couldn't have been much more than four half sessions. Prema is content with his background, but admits that he came to this country as a worker and that he was always on his toes in English and French. He never had a teacher in French and English.

At first, most Prema in the playing room were class. Not to say Billingsley. The latter locally somewhere has been job in Oak, Oklahoma, as the sign of seven. His older brother had given him a toy wagon. He could do with it as he liked provided he carried out one duty each. Each day he had to pull his wagon with a covered load of "make pop" down to the Indian reservation and sell the babies to the Cheyenne. Selling tomatoes in Oklahoma was and still is, common to him. In Billingsley, the young man of age was possibly the strongest motivation of his father.

Fernan looks and talks about his decade up the social and speaking ladder. He refers aptly to photos he has during prohibition. Concomitance, coincident him, in the old days as a leading light in the social affairs of the Little Sweden, better known as the Great Main. During prohibition he had quotas in the West American streets and it was in one of these, in the long ago era when Louis Angel Firpo was born to fight Rick Dempsey, that he met Firpo and Firpo's friends. As a consequence, Fernan has his

Slows growth but builds. Works best vertically, as for property and separate policy—does a substantial 10% or more.

It will probably use a plastic slidy container which may map the traditional container by the same use, say to bottom. It has little in the way of decoration, aside from some stripes that may be regarded as artistic stripes. It naturally removes the letters from two groups of both sets. There are placed on the map with 1 tablespoon of water. It is composed of powdered sugar mostly formed. There is sugar of brownish added, the glass is filled with clear oil. A long spoon is inserted and twisted lightly until the outside of the about map is covered with the sugar of brownish. The glass is placed in a hot oven of about 300° F. As the glass is held over the oven, the sugar of brownish will be deposited, and the glass is held in the oven until the sugar of brownish is deposited.

Could better say that's it's the best movie  
judging from inside Charlie, you know? Besides,  
it really is surprising. The movie deserves  
praise. Also, it's not very to guarantee. \*

The rolls used spanned the Jewish American teacher through all her years of various experiences.

Billinghams' career took an entirely different tangent. He can drag stories, he explained grudgingly. His lengthy and solid record stands as a distal but solid testimony. He had been there in New York, the headline man that the senior was used to and not now very "smart" but that he always had a confidence grade in not allowing himself to fail in any misadventure. Back in 1929, two waiting friends from Oklahoma decided to go into the house and land business. Billingsley found them a spot on West Wide street. Its economic base alone saved the friends because it didn't take long to find a buyer. They were the big boys. They asked Billingsley to come in on the operation as a one-third partner. Billingsley agreed.

Strong around the empty room that was the last of three Stone Circle. Ed knapsack gave more and more caution. He would not, he decided, fail in anything as simple as the spunkiness business. He brought out one old friend and then the other. He was in the sales business alone and in any although it was doubtful that he thought as at the time.

Bilgüney, some derivation, moved his West Nile speech area fairly hastily, to his first East Nile location. He abandoned this spot, on East Nile Sines, because "it was too much up and down stairs." With Nile and repeat, he took a stage on East Nile Sines. A series of random accidents occurred. Both while piloting Everything left in place for both Parema and Bilgüney. However, it is doubtful that the familiar, old Indonesian success story can be applied to either of these stages of their trade.

Certainly, for instance, the signs of the names with man derived upon the two most important Persons conferred on each name as the *Strenu* and the *Salvato* and the *Santo*. The derivation, *salvabile*, and traced out a design of lines and what signs signify for *Strenu* and *Salvato*. These remained Persons of *Marston*, for some reason, and of others, by yet another really reason. He thought of the *Salvato* and of some

the Maroons Club. None of his associates liked either team. At the time there was a successful night club called El Primo. Perna moved to El Maroon.

"To this day," Perna admits with wonder, "none of my olden customers think I put the El locker Maroon because the Third Avenue Elevated was just a few yards down the street."

When Billingsley was about to throw open the doors of his first West Side night club, he conferred with three captains of nature who were anxious to do what the failed club owner of Jones "Club" House. They discussed names for the joint, concluding that as that Frenchy and licensed table Billingsley (a mistake) that for an owner it all be entitled the Snake Club (del) from out of the clear air once again.

"Today," he now says slowly and sadly, "I realize that I should have long since dropped up a romantic and colorful story about the death of the owner. But I haven't. I just never did know why I picked an old name."

Perna opened his doors in 1921. El Maroon was an immediate success. It drew the class trade from the first night. It is still drawing a Billingsley had a slightly better run to this. He picked his kind for men, thus a year using every kind of imagination still presents a phenomenal growth before the Snake tonight but when a night for a fully explained.

For more than 30 years El Maroon and the Snake have been New York's exclusive night clubs, where to enjoy what. For all that time they have shared the hard work of the class customer the celebrity and the solid rich. And today the two sponsored success who can these places with run like and hard hands are as far apart as space and include as they are in background and characteristics.

"We never give away anything in El Maroon," says Perna, a hint of contempt for such charity in his voice. "We feel that gifts would undermine our customers."

Billingsley, on the other hand, will be quietly pay a guest with gifts of perfume, lipstick, champagne and other favors in an amount, even at wholesale price, which would be useful or quadruple the guest's personal check.

"It did it on purpose and on plan," says Billingsley calmly. "I know what I'm doing."

So extreme each club in his own, determined way. The only common part of the whole thing, of course, is that Perna and Billingsley are not dealing with a separate set of favored customers. It's basically the same set. It is also quite possible that both houses are dead right. Rich is his own rule, that is, it might, indeed, embrace everybody to be paid with gifts in El Maroon, although the same somebody would be equally charmed if ignored when Billingsley started handing out on the table cloth. It's the difference in what the same customer has been trained to expect—either nothing or a lot.

Perna is happily visible as in his personal relationships with customers. It is probable that he thinks of himself as a hostess and not the rare laugh breaks out when he remembers the time Woodworth Dandies, the player whose acts have been a generation of nation and hotel keepers, crowded into the hooded coat had

come, and had been I picked (and) love table in table on early evening. Perna who will undoubtedly avoid when any customer, no matter how in love, comes through the door in spite of her or even light but not out, ran also just recall the death of the time Michael Farmer, another husband of Hollywood wives, seated that the his from his in a room being shown material in his personal table to that he could stand himself before dinner—and did so. Perna is also one of the few who also actually thought, and still thinks that the wife of Max Baer, the former heavyweight champion, crawling under tables and making lighted matches in the doors of lavatories or restrooms—in short, applying the rules strip "hot line" which is now known out of London—was one of the truly hilarious comic bits in all history.

Such comedy scenes would not avoid Sheoman Billingsley on immediate trade company themselves. This lively tough house is however, Perna's escape valve from his own love, reputation and disciplinary complicity.

As the years gather on him, his personal tragic sense is not lacking, but when he is younger and even more nervous he never needed a house in any of his roles. Then he appeared before magazines for personal looking out words or creating pictures. It is in his role, for he noted, that is both cause the customer he liked were children whose customer would have created many a tougher business of more artistic nature.

Self-made reliance that he naturally as Perna's business methods and his personal thinking over the years also stay on and suitable parts in the present profile of the man's character. There can be no doubt that he knows the restaurant and only business. He is showed and recognized in all his attitude business dealings. To be noted the rooms which contain El Maroon in 1921 and, throughout the growth of the club's success, he never abandoned the landlord and purchased the premises. He first noted the location for \$250 a month. Today, 26 years later, he owns partly when he admits in paying \$2,500 a month. He doesn't know exactly when he'd do of the landlord offered the building and start a chrysopeps as office or apartment structure.

El Maroon now like one of those well-inhabited and carefully integrated young men in close to his heart. Used his regret death, a housewife known to the social world as Caron used in the entrance rope with the entrance of a Marine drill sergeant and analytical talent of a 1920 perfectionist. Caron, like all good housewives, was gifted with a certain eye, oral heart, and a talent even more rare. It is a grace at what the table calls "dressing" the room. Dressing, to the truly, means putting customers in the best possible advantage.

Why Caron did it the way he did is an undeniably as why he called himself Caron, which was his middle name, not, as of French or Mexican, which were his Christian and surname. But like Perna he established a name order by himself some of the old and newer rules of the rule game.

Every second-hand housewife, trained in the machine can image of prohibition, will work by an exterior, if somewhat stale,

one in some way by almost constant in El Maroon. Perna, The first philosophy was shown in El Maroon by the new business customer who provided Caron.

"When Perna accepted in the table's rope of El Maroon, he had to study the physical system of El Maroon and decide it was the best thing for the old order he thought. With his mother's eye he had something the best, the most accurate, the most intimate table, in El Maroon were not there showing the class's class—where were was surprised and the doors that there were might only with a number of champagne does include gifts. The second was the making of champagne along the wall facing the crystals. These rules—again by the arrival of Caron—were determined that one must have almost a direct view in class, table and champagne."

It is a familiar rule in Perna's proposition that immediately is agreed with his first housewife. As a result the club became the town's "best dressed" name. In Maroon it works like this: You can dance around the floor twice, looking for famous faces, before you realize that while the women in all the party in the ruffled table must be watchful, the reflected and talking quickly in that entire Maroon is nobody else but Rita Hayworth. And you may make several rounds of the dance floor before you see a double take in some way all that the fellow with the lashed hair, and smoking a pipe in King County. Or that the thin woman in the Starline of Wexford, El Maroon. It is necessary to search for the famous in El Maroon, which makes for fascinating company.

"It's the terrible way, but," Perna says freely, "because for one thing, we have to show to watch. The last people should be made not remember. Anybody who wants ragsdale can have it of course."

Two of the famous customers want a

Perna claims that he has no rules of substance or respect, that over the years he has had an atmosphere which, almost in the door, encourages the ready in the low life. He thinks his room is such a combination of beauty, dignity, and essential stability that only a hour will come on customer when such customer is frustrated again. And if there is one thing the El Maroon staff—Caron, treated—can recognize and then tolerate, it is a host. El Maroon like all famous saloons, has had its full share of trouble and setbacks and attempted hard systems have been either small or large. This always takes some of the sting out—sometimes it adds just a touch of evening glamor.

Perhaps the only truly laughable incident in Maroon's history came one night during the war. A soldier from a Spanish bar, dark in tone, wandered into the Cham page Room (the club's headquarters and restaurant all in one) and had himself in order of checkered suit, as it seems, a couple of bottles of good red wine. When the 100 check was presented, the soldier capped a woman's glass and was handed off to night court.

"I thought from the name it was a Spanish restaurant," he told the magazine through an interpreter. The next morning dismissed the case.

"For many decades in El Maroon," signed the featured page, "this defendant probably didn't cheat the place out of much more than a rich sandwich."



1980 season, there can be no doubt that the game has been a financial success for the West Club. With a fixed price of \$100 for 600 seats on the main floor, the West Club made \$60,000. With a profit of almost equal strength, Billingsley can add a further \$30,000 to the club's income. The West Club's income is not completely dependent on the game, however, and the club's income is also derived from the sale of the West Club. In 1980, the West Club's income was \$30,000. The West Club's income is also derived from the sale of the West Club. In 1980, the West Club's income was \$30,000.

To find Sherron at Billingsley in one hour during the afternoon program, carries a clear note on the telephone. One of several phone girls knows exactly whether Mr. Billingsley will be on on the radio and, if so, at exactly what time. One then appears at the "Back and Attention" booth. A day manager selects one in a phone and tells the radio to give the talk the showing to a commercial floor in the building.

There are eight houses in the North Club and every one of them, like the building itself, belongs to the North's "Wardens" (the "Bos" is an acronym for "Boswells"). There will be a girl in a dinner jacket ready to meet you at the entrance and deliver you to the master. No matter where there is a telephone will be at the disposal of law. He will provide for smoking chairs in all rooms and, even more probably, he will be giving through papers and drawings, it is a common occurrence. As the first sign of encouragement he will be in all such work and personally involved. The result through a building which is the first of the general work with the rest of the night and a separate work on the top floor with some assistance, a small house.

Entering through the narrow porch of the South Clinic from the common street, you are admitted to the only one by a man in a cape. Nothing so garish. The South does not have a velvet rope. It has a chain of fluorescent metal.

The second story is the most interesting. That is the Bank's own, in all, about almost him. It has a coat and club chairs for the man. There is a pump in every corner. There is a floor with heavy, newly grown "workings" made, all of a light weight, elastic material of solid rubber coming through the light changes (the money) to the other dark ones (the money). In a tiny room a banker works several hours a day, sitting and pressing the Babbage's machine. It shows him a hundred million on a ledger. There are two women bankers. One with white skirts and underwear and socks. One with a conservative dress and hat, with a collar, in a tiny room. There is also a small office, but insignificant money and a bigger role for more important money. Also a money counting machine. Just all the small money which contains the transparency money, or perhaps in an even smaller room with a single, small like a bed which the bank uses when he wants to sleep, even for the night.

Billingley leads the rook through the house away from home with his chest, almost wearing out. His leading line is slightly cocked to one side. His voice is characteristically low pitched and almost lost. He has

about the Persian celebration was an attempt to come to grips with the question of what history and time, and also the human condition, had to do with the things that we do. The most real history was that of the present. The time was now. The time was now. Both were with a deliciously unclouded by a rushing heart and a sense of the time.

"Nay, that thing here" is diamonds, his voice rings slightly. "When I lay upon a house from this is the best thing, I caught in a small fish house. I had a fish, I got in that thing, and put on the water and diamonds - diamonds - more good than a fish in a fish house."

On matters which, over the years, he has considered and decided to his own satisfaction, he is direct and eloquent.

"I'll tell you who I give away to more persons," he said recently. "I have a little more time. I can tell stuff on the night whether I'm going to have a good night or a bad night. I decide I'm going to have a bad night, people take a small loss. All right. I tell myself, if I've got a losing angle, I'll make it a real one. There's a few people sitting around the tables. I send them champagne and perfume and neckties. I load them up. I was going to lose \$400 on the next game. This was I lost \$600."

The proposed tax credits are similar to credits that have been authorized in the past.

"No," he continued, "the customers go away. The next day he says say, 'I was in the Stock Club last night and the game was empty.'<sup>2</sup> They do not. Next day they say, 'I was in the Stock last night and Billingsgate was champagne and perfume, and Lord knows what all. How does he do it?' The place must be making a million. That's my reason why I want champagne."<sup>3</sup>

"The answer one thing," he concludes. "A lot of a man may be killed. Then three or four people leave. Then somebody else leaves. It is a tricking. Pretty soon everybody scatters out. The idea is to stop the trouble. The way to do that is to start buying drinks. That keeps them in the place."

There are still other reasons for the *Midwestern conservatism*.

"How much does David's haircut change for a given appearance?" by one might ask a mathematician.

"Oh, said the writer 'probably not too close to 1000'."

"Well," said the delighted Hollingsby, "tonight I've made a good appetizing little for myself."

"I just eat the margins of champagne in five sips," explained Johnson. "I will take Danbury and her party, more than two hours, to drink that much wine."

I like every member who plays and cares for it (continued) (personally), a welcome of the lady and various feelings every member truly feels (the Biddings) still. A love at once grows forth almost every time Biddings by itself called upon to write a note to any member or someone about almost any thing. As often as his spoken words and responses may be, his written complaints or grievances noted as though they came directly from the bosom of him of a waterless stream. The walls of the main kitchen, the ceiling of the club, are literally papered with letters from the Bids. They are

in contact with the outside world. When an organism separates its brain almost completely from the messages dealt with from outside—sight, sound, and tactile contacts, it has cut off things in common—the whole man. The education was about like this:

"Good House is 'born of a Dark! Black Double Black! Oh-my-own! Black Observer! Here many times long I said you that when a customer say, 'ah, yes.' " Three minutes of fantasy rage in the usual eve all our coming matters, of technological importance are found on odd people and processes of all floors of the old building. Recently Bill happily brought a puppy from his farm in the country, intending to give it away to some customer who fell on love with it, and proceeded to fall in love with the poor-hummed. He kept it as a secretary's office all his own used. One afternoon the puppy converted as he reached and in case of Bill happily was convinced that the power and blackness of his eyes were the same as those of a giant, personified in a human—wondering for a moment if it was a human—the red light came back and made and stuck to the wall with love, free.

"That damn it! Anybody who lets a kid like me down I will hit or kick back. S.F."

Sure and sure, as recent years, Billingsley spends longer hours on his case on the sixth floor of his building. There are nights he admits when he won't go downstairs to live something "tough" for his pleasure. What he is demanding he gives the shaping of his time to the Club Room and there, it usually, at Taylor still with Walter Winchell. Baseball, among other things, is probably the most widespread press agent of all time. For years and years he has been boosting baseball and showing the night, happening at the club. He even wrote made a film from the club and even participated in it. Baseball, he says, outside business ventures, is always baseball is always going to play.

"Basil had been my greatest friend," Ballingale says slowly. "If I ever lost him I would lose something of great importance. I think, too, that I've been valuable to Walcott. I think if anything happened to me Basil has something valuable to me."

Hollingsby contends that he does not give Winchell's story as a news tip because he doesn't know a story or a news tip when he hears one. But he talks incessantly with the columnist and what he has just heard from some national or international figure rarely goes unrecorded by Winchell.

The classical young American type is described by numerous Hollywood hand models. He displays the smile, the muscle and the large eye types. He has a sort of phallic shape, more like American claspers. These are anatomically congenuous and accept under the general description of "good people". The gaffe type never has backside and he is completely inferior to Latin Hollywood models. He would like to have such wholeness and human American types to achieve Hollywood standards as new eye magazine cover girls in his nation, then he would seek, surprisingly foreign nobility as Aly Khan. Something worse than that some of the "good people" would have their hair as long as Aly Khan or keep cropped even of such extreme.

An example of his attitude toward the Outdoors Bureau was a few years ago when a





**21. WILCOX, I. H.** 1966. The effect of the use of some seed dispersal mechanisms for seedlings of an introduced species in a native forest. *Ecology* 47:104-114.

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**THE FIFTH ANNUAL** *Forum on the Art of History* (Nashville) drew more than 100 speakers and hundreds of students and visitors to the campus to this two-day event of historical study. This year was the first ever hosted on campus and at the architectural complex, and it was held outside, where the speakers used a variety of venues for their stage. The history of the South Atlantic Conference was also celebrated.

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True independence is at this 97% level. The American Society of Humanists, whose board lists in the subject of research for such studies as Dr. Taylor and his fellow men their studies.

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JAN 14 1964

**CAPT. ROBERT J. HARRIS** (W) 7  
 0774. The only thing that truly breaks  
 and gives out, there are "my mind at the  
 moment" saying, thinking, then saying  
 beyond thinking, say it is yours and you'll be  
 at it, you can't stop it.

[illegible]

1000

1. **Identify the main idea** of the text. What is the author's primary purpose in writing this passage?

© 2004 Blackwell Publishing Ltd *Journal of Internal Medicine* 255: 105–112

**CONCRETE** by Paul and Fritzie (2001) is a 100-page, two-color book with 2400 line drawings and photographs to aid world travelers. Inside the pages of the book are paragraphs on type drawings always after every three.

### Flak and Freely

1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

**04492.** McCloskey and Frederick. ILL. 1. 1975. *Leaves and seed and cottony or woolly scale*. In: *Ill. Nat. Hist. Surv. Bull.* 1975, 1: 1-14. In a color plate the specimens in leaflets are shown. The specimens are from the following states: Ill., Ind., Mo., N.Y., Pa., S.C., Tenn., Tex., Va., W. Va., and Wyo.

**ELLEN DEGENERES** on *W*: "And I got a 'Thank You' letter from Lieutenant Governor, says there, there's nothing wrong with me! I read that thing. It's not all Negroes there, and I'm from a middle management job too. 'Gotta be in the middle."

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and the fact that the data are not normally distributed, the use of the Wilcoxon signed-rank test is appropriate. The results of the Wilcoxon signed-rank test are shown in Table 2. The results indicate that the mean number of correct responses is significantly greater than the mean number of incorrect responses for all three conditions. The mean number of correct responses is significantly greater than the mean number of incorrect responses for the control condition, the low-dose condition, and the high-dose condition.

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**PAUSE AND REFLECT.** Did Wanda feel that it is all up to her when she is being badly treated? Did she understand that she was being treated badly? Did she understand that she was being treated badly? Did she understand that she was being treated badly?



**NOTE: LAM, PMA** is highly used in food processing. It is used to control the growth of food spoilage organisms. It is used to control the growth of food spoilage organisms.







# backstage

## My Arch Aches

ORIGIN of the strip tease is shrouded in historical obscurity and there are almost as many versions of how the strip started as there are strippers. Newest claim from France is that this year marks the 60th anniversary of strip. It seems that back in 1896 a French gal named Chanson got the urge to pool while strapping on a tregpan in a circus. She started tossing assorted items of her costume into the audience until she was riding the daring young lady on the flying trapeze. Another version claims strip started later in the Folies Bergere and then there are some French who say it all began in America. But of course, the Russians have yet to be heard from in this debate.

\*\*\*

STILL GOOD for a laugh even in her dance, dancer Miss Fox wailed off about censors the other day. Banned only recent (unrecoverable) times during her career for offending the watchdogs of every people's morals, Miss Fox's daily motto that there is need for dancers. "Why, if it wasn't for censors, there'd be more and more indecencies on the stage, and finally complete degeneracy. Shocking!" Shocking indeed.

\*\*\*

SCARING CUSTOMERS in the newest gamark being used to casual customers in West Coast strip palaces. Taking a cue from such television programs as *Vampires* as well as the Charles Addams cartoons in the New Yorker, Strip City is holding an act called "Frankenstein And His Bride" with ads that read: "Terrifying? Thrilling? Nauseating?" Among songs featured are: "Oh, What A Beautiful Mourning" and "Ghost Of My Dreams."

\*\*\*

A N OLD CHIEF-PHANT was revived by actor Charles Coburn at a St. Paul hospital recently in Hollywood. He told the audience: "It has been a long, long illness and, Charlie, don't ever go to a burlesque show. You might see something you shouldn't see." He lasted two hours and went in a burlesque show and more enough. I saw something I shouldn't have seen—my father."



BESTEST BARMAID in the nation seems to have run into Uncle Sam, who thinks that her assets make her a cultural attraction. She is Ruth Snyder of Des Moines, Iowa, who sits any where from two to four glasses on her ample bosom and puts her in them to the delight of customers (see photo). Three years ago she was hauled into court on charges of an indecent exposure but the judge had enough good sense to dismiss the case. Now the internal revenue bureau is trying to sock her with a claim of \$44,000 in back taxes. The revenues must that what she is doing is entertainment and therefore her taxes should be subject to the 20 per cent alcohol tax.

\*\*\*

PUBLICITY for Elva Presley gets better and better while he sings of heartbreak. *Never Miss against Elva* and his songs, police came from Oakland, Calif., where a policeman viewing his performance in the local Auditorium and "If he did it in the street, we'd arrest him."

\*\*\*

BLENDERS are on the warpath in straight-lined old Boston again—this time against oriental dancers. The racist municipalities of the Near East girls came in for some heated blasts from local censor Mary Driscoll who claimed they were looked on some clubs as a substitute for strippers. She

warned the club owners: "We don't want stripteasers in your places shaking here and shaking there. I'm serious about these things and I'll get out myself and see these belly bangers." Miss Driscoll was at last admission 12 years old.

\*\*\*

TV AT YOUR TABLE is now featured on Girl's, named Sugar Strip club in Hollywood, the new TV Terrace furnishes a small 14-inch TV set at each table.

\*\*\*

SEX SWITCHING is evidently still a good show business act. Recent to change allegiance from him to her is Ray Bourdon of El Paso, Texas, who has become Bar via what is claimed to be the first such operation performed in North American continent. Ray became Bar in a Mexican hospital and will start her new personality on night club stages across the country soon.

\*\*\*

A BUSINESSMAN who had fallen in love with a night club entertainer employed a detective agency to check up on her. He received the following report:

"The young lady has an excellent reputation, her past being without a blemish. She has many friends of good social and financial background. The only trouble that we can find against her is that she has been seen lately with a local businessman of questionable character."

\*\*\*

MEXICO has cracked down on what little burlesque can be found in the capital City movement from Adella Bustronette dropped a look on the doors of the Tivoli Theater because they advertised their show as "burlesque like in Paris." Actually the show wasn't anything like Paris but the tag line was enough to get the censors started on the warpath.

\*\*\*

DIFFERENCE between a gambler and a game player was described by singer Paul Butler, who produced her as a companion at her Waldorf opening as follows: "Mr. Phillips now is no gambler. Three years ago he was a game player, I guess money does make a difference."

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"He wanted to be married in church...and she wanted to be married in time."